

# EXTRA.

## DAYS GONE BY.

Political Reminiscences of Some of New York's Well-Known Men.

Jimmie Hayes Tells How John Morrissey Came to Be a Congressman.

Bud and Blossom of the Champion Pugilist's Political Life.

Who does not know "Jimmie" Hayes, the cheery, smiling doorkeeper of the Excise Department? James Hayes is nearly sixty-three years old, though he doesn't appear to be more than forty-five. He was a Fourteenth Ward boy, and has been honored by that ward as member of the ancient Board of Supervisors and by the Board of Councilmen, an institution of a quarter century back, with the Presidency of the Board.

Assemblyman Hayes sat in the Legislature at one time, too, and with an inimitable quirk of his mouth doorkeeper Hayes will tell you that once he owned houses in Blooming street, houses in First street and his check was good for \$50,000. "Now I ain't got a cent," he will add, with the same cheerfulness that characterizes all his utterances. "Not a cent, and my wife and I are just as happy. I can't get about very fast, for I'm partially paralyzed in my legs, but I'm spry yet for a man of my years."

The youngest part of Mr. Hayes is his heart. That bounds as buoyantly as it did when he was the gallant foreman of "No. 1 Engine" in the old Volunteer Fire Department.

Hayes was a power in politics once. It was he who created John Morrissey, politically, and he was the story of Morrissey in bud and blossom that an Evening World man sought of the light-hearted doorkeeper.

"Of course I can remember all about John Morrissey," retorted Mr. Hayes with a peculiar contemptuous wagging of his iron-gray head and a reproachful twinkle of the eye.

"In 1868 John had '818,' and he had a place at 5 West Twenty-fourth street. Ed Haggerty, John Brice and I went to see him there one night. We wanted a favor of him; '818' held the same position among gamblers that Stewart's or Clavin's did in the dry-goods trade."

"What was the favor, Mr. Hayes?" the reporter queried, gently leading the doorkeeper back to the subject.

"Brice wanted to be elected President of the Board of Aldermen. The President was elected by the Board in those days. Jimmie O'Brien was Alderman from the Twenty-first Ward and we wanted John Morrissey to get O'Brien to vote for Brice."

"John shook his head.

"Look here," says I. "Do that and I'll get you anything you want."

"John didn't reply, and I says: 'Get O'Brien to vote for Brice and I'll get you the delegation for Congress.'"

"'Yes you do,' says I. 'Didn't a man who was champion of England become a member of Parliament?'"

"That was John Gully, you know. He fought and won the championship in 1805 to 1808. Then he kept the 'Plough' public house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and a gambling house. Then he made a fortune in the coal business and sat in Parliament for Pontefract for years."

"Well, John says, 'all right, I'll do it.' When I told Tweed, he kicked, but I coaxed, and finally he said he'd stand anybody that the Fourteenth Ward presented as a candidate for the Fifth Congressional District."

"That was the first John Morrissey ever thought of being a Congressman. I managed his canvass for him. Nelson Taylor, a Brigadier-General just returned from the war, ran against Morrissey as a stump Democratic candidate, and Enneas Elliott was the Republican candidate."

"Beat? Why, we beat 'em hands down! Beat Gen. Taylor by 2,700 and Elliott by 6,900."

"John couldn't make a speech. He was a big, broad, handsome, stalwart fellow, with a full brown beard, but his voice was cracked and squeaky. It cracked whenever he tried to speak otherwise than very low."

"John and I used to go about the District. We'd meet a man, and I'd half whisper, 'See that man, John.'"

"Then John would step up to the man and say: 'Say, do you know who I am? I'm John Morrissey.'"

"No! The man would return, stepping back and looking at him."

"Yes I am. I'm running for Congress and I want your support. Do I get it?"

"The voter always promised, of course. We went the rounds of the public houses. Some places the proprietor would be out and the wife would be behind the bar."

"John was a handsome, manly-looking fellow, and he'd walk right up, stick out his hand and say: 'Do you know me? I'm John Morrissey.'"

say, and I want you to help me. I'm running for Congress and I want you to get your husband to support me. Will you do it?"

"John always caught the women! "Horace Greeley's paper was not against Morrissey," it said, and placards distributed all over the district said that Morrissey was a convict and had been to the penitentiary for burglary."

"The District-Attorney of Rensselaer County telegraphed down here that Morrissey had never been indicted for burglary."

"Along in '89 Morrissey went down to fight Bill Poole. Bill selected the dock at the foot of Amos street. John objected and said: 'I'll bet you \$200 you won't name another place!'"

"Bill Poole took the bet, and then named the next pier and won the bet. So they fought on the Christopher street pier. John put up his hands to Bill and John Poole struck him on the side of the face."

"Hello!" says John, without turning his eyes off Bill. "Is that the way you fight here?"

"Be jabbers, he licked John C. Hoeman and Yankee Sullivan!" said a voice in the audience. This raised a great laugh and broke up the meeting."

"You know Morrissey did lick George Thompson on Mare Island, near San Francisco, in 1868. Then he fought Yankee Sullivan in 1868 at Boston Corner, and Hoeman at Long Point, Canada, in 1867."

Doorkeeper Hayes chuckled quietly to himself, and then, in a burst of candor, said:

"John had been in Albany Penitentiary for street fighting when he was a Troy lad of sixteen or seventeen years."

"The canvass was a hot one. One night a speaker against John was addressing a crowd of longshoremen down on the East River front."

"Who's John Morrissey? What has he done down for the workingman?" he shouted. "Bill pounded and pounded. He broke John's nose and bruised him all up, but John never flinched, nor seemed to mind it."

"The Poole gang saw that Bill couldn't lick Morrissey, but they wouldn't let him whip Bill Poole."

"But that ain't politics. John had his headquarters at the Anson House, Spring and Crosby streets. At public meetings women would hold their children up in their arms to see John Morrissey, the 'workingman's candidate.' Instead of a speech John would stand up and say, 'This is your fight—not mine. I win my fights.'"

"The district was made up of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards, and John Morrissey was the lion of the day. He was the most generous, and most charitable man I ever knew, but in that canvass, when money was mentioned, he'd always say, 'you'll have to see Hayes.'"

"The canvass cost him \$10,000."

"In 1868 we ran him against James M. McCortin and George Francis Train. He beat McCortin 11,000 and Train 18,500. John never spoke in Congress, but he was a quietly effective member."

"In 1878 John beat John Fox for the State Senate in the Fourth Senatorial district and in 1877 we ran him against Augustus Schell in the Seventh, the most high-toned aristocratic, 'kid-glove' district in the city and he beat Schell too easy."

"Morrissey was not much of a hand at writing, and he had a man who wrote and signed his name to letters addressed to all kinds of people."

"There was no better member of the Senate than he. When the repeal of the 'Gray Nuts' bill' was up and the Times was clamoring for the repeal on the ground that it was a sectarian law, Morrissey made a short speech on it."

"The bill was a sort of legislative license to certain French-Canadian Sisters to teach the children of the timber cutters that came over from Canada and camped in the Adirondacks. Morrissey said the bill took no money from the treasury and only privileged the nuns to give the children of the woodchoppers the education that he had never had himself."

"There were tears in his eyes and on his face. 'I represent a New York district with 85 per cent. of its people Roman Catholic,' said Morrissey, 'and the Church does not want the law.'"

"Then he voted for the repeal bill. It was passed, and the wind was taken out of the Republican sails."

"When the workmen held a meeting to protest against the reduction of laborers' pay in the Department of Public Works in 1875 from \$6 to \$5.00 a day, Morrissey gave \$50 towards the expenses."

"Senator Morrissey died May 1, 1878, in Saratoga. Both Houses of the Legislature were in mourning and half the Senators delivered eulogies. Senator Tom Ecclesine made the grandest effort of his life in his eulogy of John Morrissey. He talked of charity and went like a child."

"Morrissey was buried in Troy. The grave of Gen. Worth is there, too. If you ask a Troy boy where Worth's grave is, ten to one he can't tell. But ask him where John Morrissey lies and he'll take you to the spot every time."

"How did Senator Morrissey stand on the Public Burdens bill, Mr. Hayes?" the reporter asked.

"How? Right, of course. John Morrissey was the friend of the working people. He was right every time."

"He was immensely wealthy at one time, but he died poor. His wife was Susan Smith, the daughter of Levi Smith, the captain of a Hudson River steamboat. He married her in 1836. She was and is a splendid woman, and at my house we call her 'Bue.'"

"John Morrissey was born in Ireland Feb. 5, 1811, and he was just past forty-seven years old when he died."

"There, you have all that I know about the political life of John Morrissey, and no man knows more."

"Y. & S. Sticklee records stands for the best make of lozenges. Druggists."

## GREENPOINT'S \$200,000 FIRE

### Church & Co.'s Big Soda Works Entirely Destroyed.

### A Naphtha Tank Explodes and Burns One Man—Tenements Quickly Emptied.

The soda works of Church & Co., in Greenpoint, were destroyed by fire early this morning. The works occupied nearly the whole block bounded by Oakland, Ash and Box streets and Manhattan avenue, covering thirty-nine city lots or about six hundred square feet.

With the exception of a very small part of the plant in which the office was located the entire block is now a mass of ruins. The loss will reach at least \$200,000.

The main parts of the buildings were four stories high and built of brick. Other buildings of wood were numerous, which accounts largely for the destruction of the same.

The buildings on the Box street side, opposite the burned buildings, are four-story frame tenement-houses occupied by ten to twelve families each. On the Oakland street side is the box factory of E. C. Smith & Co., while along the Ash street side extends the works of the Brooklyn Oil Refining Company.

The fire broke out in the carpenter shop of the soda works, which was located in the second story, near the corner of Oakland and Box streets. No one was in the room at the time.

Some one of the forty members of the night gang then at work, while passing the door soon after midnight, smelled smoke, and looking in found the room full of it. Soon the men were at work with buckets and the steam whistle began to blow the fire alarm of three shrill blasts.

This brought Policeman Doyle, of the Seventh Precinct, to the works, and he turned in the alarm. Three horses were killed.

The fire began to gain on the pall brigade, and they were driven from the building. None of them was injured.

It was some time before the first fire engine arrived. At 12.30 the flames were leaping along the yellow pine floors.

The smoke was rising. The wind carried it into the tenement houses on Box street and almost a panic was the result. Soon the tenement houses began to empty of their tenants.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the whole plant was a mass of flames. The fire spread to the ash and a light of peculiar brightness radiated in all directions.

Assistant Chief Perry arrived and sent in two more engines. Two apiece have had a light of peculiar brightness radiated in all directions.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the whole plant was a mass of flames. The fire spread to the ash and a light of peculiar brightness radiated in all directions.

The wind was blowing from the west when the fire broke out, and it carried the flames to the south-west. This alone saved Smith's box factory.

Knives, of the Seventh Precinct, brought all night with all his available force. Fully 4,000 people passed against the fire.

One young woman, who would not give her name, fainting during the excitement, was carried out of the works by Policeman O'Brien.

As 1 o'clock came to fall about 5.30 and few are now standing.

A light rain began to fall at 8 o'clock, and this was a signal for the tenants to leave their belongings into their apartments again, which they did in a lively manner.

The soda works had been the largest of its kind in the country, employed about 300 men and women, most of whom will be thrown out of employment.

At 10 o'clock this morning the streamers were still pouring water on the ruins to put out the last sparks.

Supt. Stearns said that the loss would reach \$200,000, but if they started once they could have reached the cross heading before the flood caught them.

The big fire was reached a place of safety. Craigie was well acquainted with the mine and must have known of an underground cross-heading on which the mine could have been reached.

Not the least interesting of the exhibit are the big carbonates down in the basement among the main coal pillars.

The big carbonates are an animated scene of a few days ago. A crowd of about 100 men were at the exhibit, and the place was a scene of great interest.

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## RAN DOWN JAMES REDPATH.

### Car-Driver McGowan Held to Await the Result of His Injuries.

### The Journalist Had a Narrow Escape from Death.

John McGowan, driver of car 114, of the Madison avenue line, was held by Justice Hogan, at the Tombs, this morning, awaiting the result of injuries to James Redpath, the well-known journalist and lecturer, whom he ran down and narrowly escaped killing in Park Row.

Mr. Redpath was attempting to cross the street from in front of the old Woman building to the Post-Office, about 8 o'clock last evening when he suddenly found himself directly in front of the horse of the Madison Avenue car, bound up.

He called to the driver to stop, but before his cry was heeded he was caught by the cross-pole chains, dragged a short distance and finally thrown down. The horse and part of the car passed over him.

When the car stopped Mr. Redpath was under it. Bystanders quickly lifted the forward part of the car and took the injured man out. He was able to walk to Perry's pharmacy with the assistance of two gentlemen.

After an ambulance was hurriedly summoned from the Chambers Street Hospital, Surgeon Manning temporarily dressed Mr. Redpath's injuries and took him to the hospital, where House Surgeon Crofton treated him further. The injured man's daughter was also summoned to the hospital, and although his injuries were not considered dangerous it was deemed advisable to keep him at the hospital over night.

Driver McGowan was arrested and locked up in the Oak street police station for reckless driving. He is thirty years old and lives at 313 East Thirty-second street.

At the hospital this morning it was said that Mr. Redpath was doing slowly. He was quietly sleeping when the reporter called, and it was said that he would probably be taken to his home during the day.

Although Mr. Redpath had a very narrow escape from serious injury and perhaps death, and had his clothing almost torn into shreds, Dr. Crofton said that he had no serious internal, and constant of a deep wound over the left temple and forehead on the left hand side.

Mr. Redpath's left arm and leg are partially paralyzed, and this physical disability probably prevented him from getting out of the way of the car.

Soon after the accident a Mr. O'Neill, who said he was a friend of Mr. Redpath and had witnessed the accident, said that the driver was guilty of gross carelessness. He declined, however, to give the slightest details of the accident.

Driver McGowan says in his own behalf that Mr. Redpath stepped from behind a Third Avenue car and directly in front of his horse and seemed to be very much bewildered. McGowan said that he saw the car within a distance of less than ten feet and as soon as possible. He says the accident was his fault.

Mr. Redpath is fifty-five years old and lives at the Hotel Gloucester, Broadway and Fifty-ninth street. He is a well-known lecturer and has been a member of the New York Anti-Foreign Society and has filled responsible positions on the North American Review and other publications.

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## YODYSZUS REPLIES.

### The Priest Says the Charges Against Him Are a Conspiracy.

### The Emphatic Denial of Improperities with Parlenloners.

### The Priest Out on Bail Till His Hearing in Court Next Friday.

Rev. Father Matthias Yodyzus, of St. George's Polish Roman Catholic Church, North Tenth street, near Bedford avenue, Williamsburg, pleaded not guilty this morning in the Lee Avenue Police Court, when arraigned on the latest charge against him—seducing his housemaid, Agnes Czesnowicz, the wife of one of his parishioners, who alleged that he dragged and detained her in his house. The priest's accuser was not in court, and the formal hearing in the case was set down for next Friday morning.

This is the second charge of the kind which has been brought against the priest. He has also been in several other traps, said to have grown out of his attentions to women, in one of which he was terribly beaten. One day last week he was found making his way some in a battered condition at 3 o'clock in the morning. He had been clubbed.

Father Yodyzus has never vouchsafed any explanation of his most singular troubles, neither to the public nor to his Bishop, who was refused admittance to his house when he called. He consented, however, this morning, to make for the first time, a statement for publication to an Evening World reporter.

According to his account he is a much persecuted man. "The last charge," said he, "is merely a continuation of an organized attempt of my enemies to ruin me. They have almost succeeded in doing it, and I fear that my usefulness is on that account ended. I will have a meeting with Bishop Longhough about the matter next Tuesday, and will be guided by his advice."

"This woman, Agnes Czesnowicz, who makes against me such a serious charge, I do not even know. I never heard of her before. She says I induced her to come to my house last Tuesday, gave her drugged liquor, and kept her in my room all night."

"That exceeds the bounds of malice. She may have been at my house. There were scores of people there Friday, but if she was, she remained in the public room, where I transact all business, and never was alone with her at any time."

"I can account for every minute of the time she says she was held a prisoner in my bedroom, on which the complaint was based, to the effect that she attended early mass at St. George's Tuesday morning. After the service she went to her home, as she says, to dress the candle, and while there she affirms that she gave her a glass of whiskey."

She drank it, after which she lost consciousness and did not awake until 9 o'clock in the evening, when she found herself lying on Father Yodyzus's bed."

With regard to the clubbing episode last week, the priest said: "I did not see my priest until after the fact. I did not go to St. George's church, and I did not return from there till last Friday."

"The night I was attacked I went to New York to see some sick people who required my services. I was summoned by Matthew Merkevitz, who lives on Madison street, and who will bear witness to what I say. I do not know the number of his house, but he has a brother-in-law, Peter Galinski, at 200 Henry street, where you can find out."

"I remained in New York till midnight. Merkevitz, who carried a vessel containing boiling water, accompanied me on my return. We got into a Greenpoint car on the side of the ferry, and just as we were seated a man entered who accused me in the Lithuanian dialect."

"He said his name was Philip Ydyge; his wife was dying and he wanted her, before she died, to receive the sacraments of the church. He had been to the Greene Avenue Polish church but the priest there refused to go."

"I felt in duty bound to accompany the man. Merkevitz also went with me."

"I suspected something wrong until we reached the outskirts of Greenpoint, where Ydyge said he lived. He left us standing in a dark, narrow alley running between two houses, in one of which he said he lived."

"He said he was going to enter by the rear door, and we should wait until he procured a light."

"A minute later we heard the tramp of feet (I should say there must have been ten men) approaching from both ends of the passage."

"Then I had my leg broken."